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The Great Musical Festival.

The three days are over—the memorable, glorious three days! Glorious, in spite of rain and storm, thin audiences to start with, lack of dazzling attraction of great names as solo artists, and pecuniary loss to those who guaranteed the enterprise!

We said, before the concerts, that we pitied any of our musical friends who should be willing or obliged to lose them; we must now put it more strongly, and say: We envy not their feelings when they learn that they have missed undoubtedly the grandest, the most important and most genuine musical or artistic occasion that has yet occurred upon this continent. But leaving general reflections for the present, we proceed to chronicle each day's proceedings.

FIRST DAY: THURSDAY, MAY 21.

Rain, rain, rain! For three days before the opening it has rained continually, and for nearly ten days we have all been under the chilling, gloomy influences of an ugly, pertinacious Easterly storm, that has hung around us latent or developed, now searching with treacherous, icy fingers to the marrow of our sensibilities, to the sore trial of all faith and weakening of all will, now bursting out in drenching floods and tempest, as in the last three days, and adding outward to the inward disability:—fit type, our East Wind, of the old Puritan spirit, foe of all things genial!

The worst thing about one of these long New England storms, is its discouraging influence upon people's minds; under its spell we give up and become indifferent to cherished plans and purposes; we lose all enthusiasm, and take no pains and spend no money to avail ourselves of even the rarest and grandest invitations. Of

course it was a serious damper on the sale of season tickets. The price, to be sure, \$5.00, though moderate and necessary for an entertainment so excellent and so costly, must have been one ground of hesitation to many whose means are not commensurate with their love of music; and then in very many faith was wanting; music for two years past had been comparatively under a cloud with us; there were few that believed in the possibility of great things; from giving ourselves too great credit we had sunk to giving ourselves too little, and mens' minds had not got wrought up to a due sense of what now was coming. Could the feast but have begun where it left off, we should have seen a very different state of appetite.—We speak of the public. Not so with the givers of the feast, its managers, and all who took a part in it. Neither managers, conductor, singers or orchestra ever faltered in their preparations; everything was carried out to the letter on the scale first contemplated; the conductor and the business managers were instant in season and out of season; the rehearsals went on, thrice a week for oratorio, and twice a week for orchestra, and the choir, surprised and charmed at the effect of its own numbers in rehearsal, grew continually both in numbers and in spirit. All was sure to be right, at least alive, at the stage end of the Hall, however it might be in the auditorium.

Ten o'clock, the hour of opening, came. It still rained in torrents, and continued so almost all day. Yet it was a milder and more genial rain, not out of harmony with the young buds and springing grass, and with the Oratorio of the "Creation." There were, as nearly as we could estimate, a thousand persons in the audience, leaving about 1500 seats vacant. Yet the Music Hall presented a superb spectacle, especially at the stage end. The chorus seats, well-filled, rising back in tiers to the organ screen, and side-wise into the first galleries; the orchestra filling the main space in the middle, with chorus crowding round it; the dais for principal singers, and part of the female choir built out in front; the statue of Beethoven overlooking all, was truly a sight to shame—not the audience who were there, but those who were not. In a few moments the government of the Handel and Haydn Society took their seats in the semi-circle in front of the stage, and the President, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS CHICKERING, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who was received with warm applause. His Address has been already given to our readers in full, and speaks for itself. It was exceedingly happy in conception, execution and delivery, and struck the true key-note of the occasion. All heard delighted,

and were the better prepared to listen to the great music with an understanding spirit. The orator omitted perhaps one third of the entire printed Address. He also threw in some extempore allusions, which were very timely, especially one to the presence of the venerable JOSIAH QUINCY, which of course waked a warm and audible response.

After some delay, at a few minutes past eleven, the principal singers were conducted to their seats in front, amid loud applause, especially Boston's old favorite, Mrs. ANNA STONE ELIOT, (now of New York), whom the members of the choir seemed to take great delight in welcoming. Several rounds of plaudits, too, announced the advance of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN to his Conductor's post. In the chorus we had counted 400 singers during the Address; there were probably by this time at least 450 in the seats. Then began, from the orchestra of 78 instruments, the Introduction, representing Chaos, to Haydn's "Creation." It was a very graphic and impressive rendering.

Mr. S. W. LEACH, in the part of Raphael, delivered the recitative: *In the beginning, &c.*, and then the soft chorus, flowing in with such unexampled breadth and richness of harmony: *And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*, at once took possession of every delighted listener, until the grand burst upon *And there was LIGHT!* which was absolutely thrilling and sublime. We never before have heard it given with a tithe of the same effect; it was a new sensation even to old oratorio-goers, while upon the less experienced it flashed a new conception of the meaning and the power of music. All common thoughts, the dull day and thin audience were forgotten, for the world was as it were miraculously full of light. We saw the tears start into some eyes—tears which mean joy and wonder, reverence and new life, as truly if not as often as they mean sympathy and sorrow.

It would seem as if this first flash quickened the entire performance that then followed. At all events the choruses, from first to last, partook of the same vitality and grandeur—at least so far as the composition in each case admitted, for Haydn's choruses do not grow upon you with the cumulative grandeur of the great Handelian mountain ranges. The grander parts, like the *Heavens are telling*, rang out with a glorious volume; the fragmentary, responsive parts, where phrases are tossed about from one mass of voices to another, in complicated fugue or canon, as in: *Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall*, were marked by an infallible precision and a boldly pronounced individuality; the smooth, clear, even passages of harmony, like: *A new created world*,

&c., filled the ear sweetly and richly, and the soul with a fully reconciled, contented, child-like piety of feeling; and the whole was beautiful as well as grand with a balanced fulness of parts, and a perfection of *ensemble*, such as had not been heard before this side of Europe. The choruses with solo derived great brilliancy from the voice of Mrs. ELIOT, touching the edges of the waves with light, in flowery outline; although the recent illness, under which she yet evidently labored, impaired somewhat the old clarion ring and splendor of that voice. But in her solos this was amply compensated by the more refined and thoughtful tone and spirit of her renderings. Though not free from some old faults of method, she is, in the higher qualities of feeling and expression, more of an artist than she ever was, and gives more satisfaction to one who listens to singing for something more than a perfected piece of vocal machinery. In the great air: *On mighty pens*, she was far from a Jenny Lind, of course; yet she sang it with a great deal of fine execution and good expression of the several contrasted points, the eagle's flight, the cooing of the doves, the nightingale, &c. Thin and pale as she looked, and singing with painful effort, it was a treat to hear Anna Stone once more in Haydn's music.

The other great song: *With verdure clad*, was rendered for the most part very tastefully and smoothly by the rich and mellow voice of Mrs. MOZART, who has much improved of late; though she gave a strange twist to those little broken figures near the end of the roulade upon: "Here shoots the healing plant." Mr. LEACH sang with consummate taste and feeling all the bass solos in the character of Raphael. He has not a ponderous or very telling voice, but he is the most an artist of any that sang. He has had a truly English training in the oratorio music of Handel and of Haydn, and is master of its style. Especially is he, like Mr. Arthursen, the tenor, a model for our native singers in the difficult art of delivering recitative. He indulges in no false ornament, and always by the fine expressive shading of his passages he more than makes up for the want of power. In those descriptive fragments, about the "foaming billows," the "purling brook," the "roaring lion," the "flexible tiger," &c., &c., he was always happy; and in several instances he diminished a long passage to a *pianissimo* with beautiful effect, as in: *Softly purling glides the limpid brook*, and still more where: *In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm*;—though the latter is a droll idea for thousands to be contemplating with breathless interest! But speaking of the descriptive fragments, we are reminded of that noble orchestra; never have we heard them all brought out with anything like the same vividness and beauty. We were long since weary of them, as ingenious child's play in music; but now we found ourselves once more surprised and pleased. Every instrument, except the flutes occasionally flattening, did its part perfectly; the fine body of violins, and indeed of all the strings, told with beautiful effect in such passages as the sunrise symphony, and the bassoon was admirable.

The recitative and air: *In splendor bright*, and: *In native worth and honor clad*, were sung by Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, a very young tenor from New York. He has a very sweet, pure, even tenor voice, which has only to be set running,

—indeed a remarkable voice, which is stronger than one at first gives it credit for, because it is so sweet; a voice out of which one would think almost anything might be made, with talent and right culture. But so far it seems a voice, and nothing else. He has no claims to style or culture; nor is it yet evident that there is any fire or passionate force behind the voice; but what there may or may not be latent, it is not wise to pre-judge. He has a certain sentimental level ballad sweetness in his style of singing, which smacks more of the popular "Serenaders" and "Minstrels" than of an oratorio school.

Mr. C. R. ADAMS, whose fine voice and rapid progress for the past year have justly made him regarded as the most promising of our young native tenors, was not in his best voice, being ill, but acquitted himself very acceptably in several recitatives, in the air: *Now vanish before the holy beams*, and in the beautiful Trios, with Mrs. Eliot and Mr. Leach. The parts of Adam and Eve were sustained by Dr. GUILMETTE, of New York, and Mrs. J. H. LONG. On Eve's part, the melodious, liquid music, with its quiet rapture, was easily and gracefully expressed. As to Adam, the bass voice, though strong and telling, and delivered with clear proof of thoughtful study, seemed better fitted for a more declamatory music, did not always bend itself with a good grace to the fine turns of the melody, and sometimes swerved from pitch. He sang with animation, and passages were quite effective.

Enough of these personal details; on the whole the solos gave good satisfaction; the beauty of the songs was not lost. But the best discovery, to the many, from this performance of the Oratorio, was, what every real lover of such music knew before, that it is not in the solos that the main interest of these great works resides; it is in the choruses and in the orchestra; these rightly done and on an effective scale, and reasonably good soloists are all that one requires. It was always a low stage and a false one in our musical culture, when we made all else secondary to the efforts of this and that principal soprano or tenor in a few famous airs. We are already more appreciative, more musical, when we recognize the choruses, the great ensembles, and enjoy the composition as one whole. If we could feel this in the "Creation," with its many melodies, how much more strongly shall we feel it in such oratorios as the "Messiah" and the "Elijah!" Viewed in this light, as a whole, the present performance of the "Creation" was incomparably superior to any we had ever heard. Familiar as we were with it, we hardly knew till now how good the music was. We had grown dull to the naive, melodious sameness of good father Haydn, after for some time enjoying to the full, almost to ecstasy, his child-like, happy, clear and sunny flow of melody and harmony; but now was his Oratorio brightened into fresh life and charm to us; it rose indeed "a new created world;" its cheerful piety, and child-like gratitude and wonder in presence of the works of boundless Love and Wisdom, took possession of the listener. And how eloquently it all accorded with the season, this fresh virgin prime of Summer! The day was dark, with gentler, fertilizing showers; we felt it in the air, in every nerve, that the black spell of the East wind was gone, and that the next day there would be LIGHT!

AFTERNOON.—At 3 1-2 P. M., an audience not larger than in the morning, (nor was it to be expected), assembled for the First Concert. This is the place to speak of the composition of the orchestra, of 78 instruments. We wish to record the names of all the players, as stated on the bills, thus:

24 Violins.	10 Violoncelli.	McDonald, Ryan, II.
Schultze, Suck, I, Eckhardt, Gaertner, A. Fries, Meisel, Weinz, Grill, Mollenhauer, Besig, Matzka, Reyer, Eichler, I, Verroon, I, Keyzer, Werner, Eichler, II, Vanstane, Moorhouse, Suck, III, Liebsch, Warren, White, Newinger.	W. Fries, Jungnickel, Suck, II, Verroon, Maass, Falkenstein, Seip, Lühde, Brannes, Bergner.	2 Bassoons. Hunstock, Hochstein, 4 Horns. Hamann, Trojsi, Regestein, I, Plagemann.
9 Violas.	8 Contrabassi.	4 Trumpets. Heinecke, Glaser, Pinter, Jacobus.
Ryan, I, Krebs, Andres, Bauer, Schneider, Zohler, Schlimper, Moriani, Comer.	Stein, Kammerling, Friese, Kehrhan, Lo Bianco, Steinmann, H. Fries, Kluge.	4 Trombones. Rimbach, Stohr, Regestein, II, Cundy.
3 Oboes.	3 Flutes.	1 Timpani and Triangle. Stohr, II.
De Ribas, Faulwasser, Adelung.	Koppitz, Rametti, Teltow.	1 Bass Drum and Cymbals. Kalkmann.
4 Clarionets.		1 Side Drum. Gafney.
Schulz, Gardner, Comer.		

All of these were resident musicians, with the exception of about a dozen, chiefly violins and 'cellos, from New York. Here was a noble orchestra for Boston. We have not heard a better even in New York, whose "Philharmonic" often counts as many members. Jullien's was as large or larger in New York, but numbered only sixty here; his proportions were not as good, he had but 6 seconds, 4 violas and 4 'cellos to 10 first violins and 8 double basses. His wind band was composed of rare virtuosi, his brass superabundant, and his drum force prodigious. Jullien's orchestra were trained to smart and bright effects, to all the dazzling and dashing externalities of music; this was their trade, though they played classical symphonies occasionally for the reputation of the thing. But by no means would that band bear comparison with this in artistic tone, in sympathetic rendering of poetic and imaginative music. But of this anon. Here is the programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner
 2. Aria—"D'Alamiro, from "Bellario".....Donizetti
 3. Violin Solo—"La Sylphide," Fantasia.....Mollenhauer
 4. Aria: Che farò—"Orfeo".....Gluck
 5. Scherzo—from the Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn
- PART II.
1. Overture—"Coriolanus".....Beethoven
 1. Scotch Ballad—"Bonnie Wee Wife," Mr. George Simpson.
 3. Fantasia—On themes from "Gustavus," from Oboe, De Ribas.
 4. Ah, non giunge—"Sonnambula".....Bellini
 5. Overture—"William Tell".....Rossini

Rather a meagre programme for a festival; far the least interesting of the three. Yet it had one number to redeem it—that noble *Coriolanus* overture, by not a few esteemed the best of Beethoven's. We are the more careful to speak of it, since it escaped all mention in most of the newspaper criticisms which found matter for remark in every other item. We will not venture to describe it in our own words; it was recently

performed in London, and we are tempted to cite a portion of the *Morning Post's* remarks upon it, which are appreciative and just, even if they seem highly colored:

We do not envy the man who cannot feel in the very first bars of the overture to *Coriolanus* the strong pulsation of a mighty heart—the breathing of one of nature's kings, born to command his fellow men, though doomed to struggle with the adverse circumstances which surround the career of one upon whom fortune has bestowed nothing beyond the grand mission, that 'heritage of woe,' which his own indomitable will can alone accomplish. We firmly believe that no composer but Beethoven (who was a *Coriolanus* in his way) could have written even the opening bars of this stupendous overture. Those wonderful notes—that perfectly Homeric or Miltonic passage at the commencement, where the empty unison in C so completely depicts in sound the void presently to be filled by heroic action in the life of the hero; and its sudden tremendous rise to the full chord of F minor, in the transition to which the author seems to have found the lever which Archimedes vainly sought—mere mechanic as he was—to raise the world, how inexpressibly grand it is! Its repetition twice, with increased force and confidence, terminating with still more potent chords, appears to be but so many confirmations of the first gigantic impression. Then follow all the struggles of the man who, 'like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered your Volsces in Corioli'—all the sublime emotions of one who felt the burthen of a mighty destiny upon him, and who, although a son of the people, hated the 'common cry of curs' as 'reek i' the rotten fens'—who said to ungrateful Rome, 'I banish you,' cursed her, joined her enemies, and yet loved her in his heart of hearts, such was a hero's inconsistency. But was there no excuse for him? Listen to that divine soul-searching melody, now in E flat, now in C. Does it not speak of Veturia and Volumnia, the wife and mother of the exiled patriot? Does it not glide in like an unexpected ray of sunlight upon all the storm and fury of his mind, reviving all the withering flowers of tenderness within his hardened heart, and winning him back to love and mercy, even at the sacrifice of his own life? We repeat that no history—no literary poem could more completely or beautifully express the character and career of *Coriolanus* than does this prodigiously great overture by that musical Prometheus, Beethoven; and all who have ears to hear, and brains to understand, will agree with us.

And many in our Music Hall *did* feel it; it was not the fault of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra if all did not. There was more applause than we are wont to notice after a first hearing of a work so profound and free from all mere taking qualities. Its fire and earnestness were well brought out, and the sweet, pregnant bit of melody as well. In truth a masterly performance. The great power and brilliancy of the orchestra, especially of that fine body of violins, had full scope in those tempestuous climaxes of the *Tannhäuser* overture and of the finale to the *William Tell*. Seat yourself in the upper gallery, directly overhanging the stage, at such time, and you realize the prodigious energy there is in the *tutti fortissimo* of a great orchestra; it is like leaning over the boiling cauldron of the sea. Add the great choral swell, and it is like the ocean rolling up against the rock on which you sit. Besides there no individual sound or instrument escapes you; it is a fine place to study and to analyze an orchestral performance; but to get the pure impression of the music as a poetic whole, better go farther off. The Mendelssohn Scherzo was not so nicely played as might be, yet it was quite acceptable.

The vocal selections were hacknied; these had to be left to the singers, and almost at the last moment. The best was that from *Orfeo*, by Miss PHILLIPPS, who looked finely, sang finely, and gave great delight. Her rich, large tones have gained in power and fullness. Some chance defects in intonation in the *Orfeo* entirely vanished in her highly animated and brilliant rendering of *Ah! non giunge*. She has gained in execution as in power. Mr. ADAMS, though feeble, sang very sweetly, and Mr. SIMPSON seemed more in

his element in the simple Scotch ballad, than the ballad seemed in the great Hall. How Mr. MOLLENHAUER achieved all the difficulties of violinity with ease and a perfection unsurpassable, so that the empty solo was more furiously applauded than the noblest work, and how our old friend DE RIBAS made good his reputation, we need not tell. The concert was only better than many ordinary ones in the completeness of the orchestra and in the one item of the "*Coriolanus*."

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY MAY 22.

A bright warm sun at last, and a much larger audience, with plenty of room for more. It was a brilliant scene. Mendelssohn's "*ELIJAH*," as being the least of an old story among the oratorios, was the one for which many had reserved their spare forenoon. For the same reason it had been more specially and closely studied by the performers. This fact, together with the more modern and dramatic nature of the composition, and the more rich and modern instrumentation, gave a zest and fervor to the undertaking, which made the performance of the "*Elijah*," as a performance, artistically, critically weighed, the best of the three day's works. It was indeed a splendid success, exceeding the most sanguine expectations. For the first time was this most difficult oratorio really heard and felt in Boston—we may say in America. It was the "*Elijah*" entire, not a bar omitted, not a dangerous place avoided. And it was, as with the "*Creation*," a successful presentation of the whole, chiefly felt in the ensemble, in spite of even greater weaknesses and blemishes in solo parts than on the day before. It was in the main due to orchestra and chorus, though there was no little honor won by solos.

We have no room to analyze the music, nor need we after the long description that we gave last week. Whatever may be said of Mendelssohn's comparative lack of melodies (certainly not of melody); of his extreme complexity of harmony, interweaving voices as they were instruments, rather than setting them off (their personal discourse) with instruments; of his scientific, studied effects, and so on, we will trust the impressions of that audience to confirm all that has been claimed for it upon the score of beauty and sublimity, of depth of feeling, intense dramatic interest, richness of invention, nobility of thought and style, and high religious sentiment.

Of the choral and orchestral part of the performance too much can hardly be said in praise. The chorus was larger than the day before, and in power and volume, in euphony and balance of parts, in precision, animation, light and shade, crescendo and diminuendo, there was little wanting. In such descriptive choruses as that which tells how God was not in the tempest or the earthquake, but in the "still, small voice," wondrous was the effect of the "five hundred voices which at a wave of the conductor's hand sunk to a whisper, or gradually swelled to a grandeur beyond description." The anguish and impatience of such choruses as *Help, Lord*, and *Yet doth the Lord see it not*; the choral breadth and grandeur of the conclusion to that last; the responsive wail of the choral recitative; the tranquil tenderness and sweetness of *Blessed are the men*, and *He watching over Israel*; the barbaric, self-aggravating intensity of the *Baal* choruses;

the magnificent rush and deluge of the rain chorus: *Thanks be to God* (how splendidly the violins rushed down that swift scale in the pause before the end!); the chaste and even counterpoint of: *He that shall endure*; the awful purity and majesty of *Holy, holy*, alternating with female quartet, that hymn of Seraphim, announced by alto solo; the mystical imagery of that in which *Elijah* is taken up in the fiery chariot, with the whirl of hot wheels in the accompaniments;—all, to the final fugue: *Lord, our Creator*, were brought out with a power and beauty irresistible. The wonderful instrumentation, too, suffered in nothing, so that the composer's imagery was vividly before you.

In the part of *Elijah*, Dr. GUILMETTE did not, we confess, entirely confirm the impression we received of him in the rehearsal. His strong and telling voice was in his favor; he sang with animation, for the most part with understanding of the music, and in that profoundly touching song, where the violoncello leads the voice so exquisitely: *It is enough*, he showed not a little pathos; but he was not always true, was careless of the right times of coming in in some of the cantabile recitative; sometimes gratuitously prolonged a note beyond all sense or reason, as if coolly illustrating a method. His delivery was quite unequal, in parts really effective, in others not at all so. Mr. SIMPSON's sweet voice bore the melody of *If with all your hearts* pleasingly to all parts of the hall, but there was the same impassive manner in his singing. Mr. ADAMS was ill and had to retire after a single recitative. Miss PHILLIPPS gave the contralto solos very finely; Mrs. LONG in *Hear ye, Israel*, and the part of the Queen, and Mrs. MOZART in the widow's part, gave good satisfaction. The duet: *Zion spreadeth her hands* was well sung by Mrs. MOZART and Miss TWICHELL. The part of the boy in that wonderful dialogue which prepares the rain chorus, was creditably sustained by Mrs. HILL. The singing of the unaccompanied Angel Trio, by the three choir boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, LORING and CHASE, gave the purest delight, and had to be repeated. The double quartet was well sung by the Mozart quartet and School Street Choir. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden upon the Lord* was much applauded; but the beautiful one: *O come every one that thirsteth was a fiasco*.

The Oratorio was listened to throughout with intense earnestness, and there was but one expression, of enthusiastic admiration, as the people came out. Mendelssohn had made his mark that morning; while such a splendid illustration of the power of a great orchestra and chorus made a sensation, which will scarcely allow empty seats another time. With the most crowded house there could not have been a stronger feeling of success.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—One who had taken in all those splendors of "*Elijah*" could not but be conscious of a certain exhaustion of nervous energy. This doubtless led some to renounce the attractions of the following programme:

- PART I.
1. Symphonie No. 5—(C minor).....Beethoven
1—Allegro Molto.
2—Andante con moto.
3—Scherzo, Allegro and Finale, Allegro.
2. Concertstueck.....Weber
William Mason.
PART II.
1. Overture—"Euryanthe".....Weber.
2. Cavatina—O Mio Fernando, from "La Favorita". Donizetti
Mrs. Mozart.

3. Grand Concerto—for the Violin, (E major)....Vieuxtemps
Herr Edward Mollenhauer.
4. Cavatina—from "Tarquato Tasso".....Donizetti
Miss Twichell.
5. Grand March—from "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner
"Reception at the Emperor's," with Eight Trumpets
Obligato.

We can tell no one what he lost in not hearing that glorious Fifth Symphony. For twenty years we have repeatedly heard it, studied it, known it by heart, and yet now it seemed as if we really *heard* it for the first time. From that grand orchestra it came out in its full proportions, and with all its power. Every player seemed inspired to do his best to make Beethoven's meaning felt; and one could not help imagining the statue of the master there endowed with consciousness, and happy in such realization finally of the great mission of his genius. How rich the eloquence of those violoncellos in the opening of the religious Andante! How distinct and grand the outline—for the first time almost in our experience—of the eccentric passage of the double-basses! But above all how magnificent the climax of the triumphal Finale! All were electrified, transported, lifted up to a nobler faith. You will hear no one of that audience talk of Symphonies as being dull and "scientific."

WILLIAM MASON played the *Concert-stück* in a most artistic and finished style, and, on being *encored*, won new admiration by his own brilliant "Silver Spring." The *Euryanthe* was the most acceptable of Weber's overtures, as having been the least seldom heard of late; it is a fine work, and was finely played. The *Lohengrin* affair had a certain regal splendor; you heard only trumpets, over a confused sea of accompaniments lashed into a perpetual foam of violinity; more stir than inspiration.

It was an extremely tedious, long-spun, difficult and empty Concerto for the violin, in which MR. MOLLENHAUER displayed wonderful perfection of execution. The vocal selections in themselves were ordinary; but MRS. MOZART'S voice, style and execution in *O mio Fernando*, were highly satisfactory; and Miss TWICHELL'S only less so in *Fatal Goffredo*.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, MAY 23.

10 1-2, A. M.—A perfect summer morning! a moderate audience; but a programme worthy of a Festival:

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|---|-------------|
| PART I. | |
| 1. Symphonie, No. 7—(A major)..... | Beethoven |
| 1—Andante and Allegro vivace. | |
| 2—Allegretto. | |
| 3—Scherzo, Allegro. | |
| 4—Finale vivace. | |
| 2. Rondo—Prendi per me..... | De Beriot |
| Miss Adelaide Phillips. | |
| PART II. | |
| 1. Overture—"Fingal's Cave"..... | Mendelssohn |
| 2. Scena ed Aria—"I. Briganti"..... | Mercadante |
| Dr. Guilmette. | |
| 3. Allegretto Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphony, | Beethoven |
| 4. Duet—The Thirteenth Psalm, with French Horn and Violoncello Obligato, by Messrs. Hamann and W. Fries. | |
| Composed expressly for this occasion, and dedicated to the Handel and Haydn Society, by the President of the New York American Music Association. | |
| Miss Phillips and Dr. Guilmette. | |
| 5. Overture—"Leonora"..... | Beethoven |

Who, with a soul in him, will ever forget that glorious rendering of the Seventh Symphony! With the "Choral" and the "C minor," it holds the highest place among the immortal nine—among all orchestral inspirations. One place in it—that episode, (or Trio, technically), in the Scherzo, has ever seemed to us the highest moment of all instrumental music; more so now, than ever. Up to that moment it is joy uncontainable and exquisite; but then the heavens open, and the soul thrills with bliss unspeakable

and infinite. And the return to the more earthly Scherzo, how marvellous! that *drooping* of the music through a single chord, and with a sigh we are at home—no, not at home, but here again! The mystical beginning of the Allegretto was uncommonly beautiful and impressive, with that fine body of middle strings and 'cellos. The introduction to the whole was statelier than ever, and the Finale, (clearer in those rapid figures through that sure mass of violins), swept us along with it, not with the march of victory, as in the Fifth, but away and upward, as on eagle's wings, now poised at rest a moment, and then still upward to the sun of Joy. We have had no Symphony performances in Boston like those two.

It took some time after it for the mind to settle down into the tamer mood of Mendelssohn's poetic, dreamy overture. But that too is an exquisite production—the best, we fancy, of his overtures, his tone-pictures. Well does "Stella" write of it:—"It is such music as the child hears when he first holds a sea-shell to his ear, and wonders whence comes the mystical sound." And we must borrow a paragraph too, from the *Courier's* criticism, in which our readers will perhaps recognize a well-known hand:

In the overture to the Hebrides—or Fingal's Cave—Mendelssohn gives vent to the emotions called up by a voyage among the Scottish Islands. Unable to give his sister a description in words of the effect produced upon his mind—he a native of the flat country of North Germany—Mendelssohn sat down to his piano and improvised his emotions. From this arose this exquisite composition, in which one almost feels the solitude of the ocean, hears the moaning of the winds, the cries of the sea birds, the dashing of the waves upon the rock-bound shores, the rising of the storms, and sees the play of the sun and moonbeams upon the wave tops or upon the glassy surface of the lake-like bays and sheltered passages among the islands. Hearing it after a symphony by Beethoven, is like turning from the page of Shakespeare to that poem of our great inland sea, the "Hiawatha."

That delicious Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth, sweet gush of sunshine in his dark days—was not that blithe summer day reflected in its music, as the laughing wave reflects the sun! The call to repeat was irresistible, and then it seemed too short. But almost equally with the symphonies was the *Leonora* overture a triumph. We had learned to trust that orchestra, till we knew that every passage, every point would come out right; the trumpet, announcing the prisoner's deliverance, was perfect; so was the tremendous crescendo of the violins that leads on the attack of the finale. The mysterious, sombre introduction, the allusion to the pathetic tenor air, the musing, doubting, hoping, yearning, upward climbing character of the Allegro motive; the great gleam of hope, the full burst of joy and feeling of deliverance—all were unmistakably expressed. Is there a grander introduction to an opera, than this No. 3, of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his *Fidelio*?

The Rondo by De Beriot was finely suited to the voice of Miss PHILLIPS, who sang it admirably, displaying in the florid conclusion more flexibility and finish than we had given her credit for. She answered the recall with a pretty English song, which she sang very sweetly at the piano. Too perceptible taking of breath is the chief fault that has been noticed in this lady's singing. The "Thirteenth Psalm," an attempt after the manner of old English writers, concluding with a canon movement, had a crude air of learning, without much inspiration.

EVENING.—"HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—The Festival has at length wrought conviction in men's

minds, that it is something honest, as it is rare and good. It is now clear to all that this is no musical "Convention," for the sale of psalm-books, no Jullien-Barnum Crystal Palace humbug, but a sincere Festival of Art, a presentation of grand music on a sufficiently grand scale. The Public is awakened at the eleventh hour to a sense of the great opportunity, which it will seize by the skirts ere it quite vanish. The Music Hall is crammed with listeners in every seat and standing place and doorway, from floor to upper gallery. Many have paid extra prices for their seats. There is the utmost eagerness to hear the Handel Hallelujahs from that mighty chorus. And it is mightier than ever; the stage is packed as closely as the auditorium. Newspapers report the number of singers at about 540: say 175 sopranos, 150 basses, 130 tenors, and 85 basses; but we have good authority for saying that the choir was nearly 700.

Critically speaking, the "Messiah" was the least perfect in performance, of the three oratorios. From very familiarity, it had not been so carefully rehearsed. The orchestra were frequently at fault, and really blurred the images of: *O thou that tellest*, and some other pieces. And yet was the "Messiah," of the three, by far the most impressive, most inspiring. Handel always smites with thoughts so simple and colossal; wielding great masses he sweeps, all before him. His grand choruses impress themselves so that they never are forgotten; all the singers knew them, at least the principal ones; and never was the sublime of music so completely realized as that night in the "Wonderful" chorus, of which, (for the first time in our concert experience), a repetition was demanded; in the "Hallelujah," during which the whole assembly stood—and was not that sudden silence, the instantaneous ceasing of the mighty mass of sound before the close, the most sublime effect that ever any of us had known?—and again in the three-fold close, of chorus climbing above chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb; Blessing and Honor, and Amen!* Nor should we forget the grandeur of: *Behold the Lamb of God*, where wave rolls in on wave, so dark and solemn, till the tide pauses at the full, then turns, the downward giving place to an upward form of movement; nor the awful majesty of: *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*. There is nothing new to be said of these choruses; but so rendered they became a new experience, and gave one a livelier sense of the eternal verities. Equally well done, too, were those buoyant, rejoicing choruses, in which the theme goes rolling on, part following part, as if echoing itself at different distances throughout a wide-spread multitude.

Let those grand Hallelujahs do their perfect work. From such a mount of transfiguration one cannot well come down to criticism. We shrink from individualizing; it seems to violate the spirit of the music. Suffice it to say, that the several solo singers entered well into the great work. MR. SIMPSON'S voice was sweet and true in *Comfort ye*, and made plain the rough places of *Every valley*. MR. LEACH gave the sentiment and beauty of the *Darkness* recitative and song; and *Why do the nations rage* was more than feebly indicated by his not heavy bass. MISS PHILLIPS sang: *O thou that tellest, He shall feed his flock*, and *He was despised*, not so effectively as we have heard her, but feelingly and beauti-

fully. To Mrs. ELIOT we owe *There were shepherds*, and *I know that my Redeemer*; to Mrs. LONG, *Rejoice greatly* and *How beautiful*; to Mrs. MOZART: *Come unto him*, which was so sweetly sung that it required firmness on the part of the conductor to resist the demand for an untimely encore. Mr. ADAMS gave with much expression: *Thy rebuke*, and with Miss Philipps the duet: *O Death, where is thy sting?* Dr. GUILMETTE sang: *Thou art gone up*, and *Behold, I tell you a mystery*; in which the "last trump" (marvellously well played by Herr HEINICKE, to be sure) was senselessly encored and repeated. Mr. SIMPSON, singing *Thou shalt dash them*, was as a child's head in a heavy iron helmet. It were far better to have omitted that, instead of the concluding strain of *He was despised*, or that profoundly beautiful chorus: *By his stripes all we are healed*. Many omissions were of course a matter of necessity. None the less was the grand impression of the "Messiah" made. Go to the mountains more than once, if you would know all they can reveal. Never was a vast audience more profoundly satisfied, more lifted up, by any eloquence, to thoughts of God and Immortality, than here by Handel's argument.

At the close of the performance the enthusiasm was unbounded; there was long and loud applause; three rounds of cheers were given for the Society, and Mr. CARL ZERRAHN was called out, amid deafening shouts and clappings of hands, to receive a wreath in token of the general gratitude, of choir and audience, for his unceasing and most able services in conducting the Festival through a series of artistic triumphs.

RESULTS.

In a word, the result has been: artistically, morally, a great success; financially, a failure; but in the circumstances, such a failure as amounts, in all minds, to a virtual triumph. In spite of the overwhelming audience of Saturday night, the guarantors will have to pay, how much we know not. Yet no one is discouraged; all are in the best spirits possible. They have shown what can be done; the public will believe hereafter, and will look out in season when another Festival approaches. We have left ourselves no room to more than hint some of the animating reflections with which the Festival has filled our mind. We announced it, saying that we could not overestimate its importance. We find we did not say too much. For these reasons, among others.

1. For the first time almost in our country has an artistic demonstration here been made, and carried through, upon a grand scale, without false pretence, vain show, or humbug. The best thing, the most hopeful thing about it is, that it has all been honest. Nothing of artistic integrity and value has been sacrificed to mere money-making views. They who undertook it of course hoped to succeed; but they were more anxious to do a good thing. They were not so eager to advertise it, to excite great expectations of what should be done, as they were to do it, and to do the best that could be done. Every promise has been kept, to the letter and in the spirit. Three of the greatest Oratorios were to be brought out on a grand scale, worthy of comparison with English festivals, and it has been done. The choir was to reach 600 voices, so announced on the strength of 700 accepted invitations; it has averaged that, as nearly as accident and business allowed, and there were no dummies in the choir. The orchestra was to be 75, and it was 78. The best available solo talent was to be engaged, and so it was; it was no

one's fault that there could not be had better. The music was to be thoroughly rehearsed and nothing slighted; and it was so, and most effectively, thanks in great part, to the unwearied energy and skill and patience of Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN. In spite of a cold and unresponsive public, and in the face of certain loss, they did all this, and did it in a manner that eclipsed all former musical performances, electrified all who heard from the very first, and finally stirred up that slow and sceptical public to a loud and anxious call for more, for a repetition on Sunday evening—an effort to recall what by their own fault they had let go by and lost. The which call, to the honor of the Society, was not complied with. They would do what they had undertaken, no more, no less. They would not, even for the sake of certain gain so easily secured, suffer this Festival to contract any taint of association with the too usual management of public exhibitions, in which the "last time" is followed by the "positively last," till words have lost their meaning. Eager as any one to listen to another such performance, we appreciate and respect the motive of this refusal. The managers have done themselves all honor in the premises. They have their reward, in the wholesome feeling which attaches to this Festival, in the conviction now created of its genuineness, and in the certainty that such sound seed so planted shall surely spring up to an abundant harvest in the future. There will be more festivals. They will become an Institution in the land. This Festival might have been managed with more stir, and have reaped more money; but would it have contained so fair a Future?

2. It has revived people's faith in great music. Music has been under a cloud with us for two or three years. Humbug and showy, dazzling things have been so much more successful than good things, that the good things have lost prestige. It needed an occasion like this to brighten out the neglected beauties of immortal works and make them live again, and lift us up again. There is a new sense now in many minds of the importance, the indispensableness to our best life of the great works of musical Art and genius.

3. Listening to the grand orchestra and chorus has taught not a few, for the first time, the right relation between solo and ensemble. They have learned to enjoy a great musical performance as a whole, and not regard a few solo singers, prime donne and tenors, as the all in all. It is seen that these may be of moderate excellence, may be in some parts quite feeble, and yet the grandeur and beauty of the whole be felt. It were better of course to have Jenny Lind, Novello, and Lablache, and some day we shall have them; but we have found how well we can get along without them, so long as we have Handel, Mendelssohn or Beethoven, speaking through impersonal but adequate masses of voices and of instruments.

4. We have been pleased to notice the improved tone of newspaper criticism, which this Festival seems to have created. Almost for the first time we have had really criticism; we have seen articles not limited to petty details, to mere talk about individual performers, but entering into some instructive notice and analysis of compositions and of authors, and seizing the spirit of the whole, discussing the right points. It is a good sign, and may it go on.

5. It has created a popular interest in great works. Symphonies, played on so grand a scale, have made their mark on all who listened. That Beethoven's statue now has a significance to many who thought but little of the man, the idol of the "classicists" before. And so of Handel, so of Mendelssohn, and others.

We print a large edition of our present number, trusting that many will wish to have its full Report of the Great Festival. . . . We have still on hand some copies of last week's "Festival Number," containing Mr. Winthrop's Address, descriptive analyses of the Oratorios, history of Festivals, &c. &c.

A writer in last Tuesday's *Transcript* says:

Mr. Winthrop has enriched our language with a word, not to be found in Webster nor Worcester, but still so graphic that it must be adopted. "*Aretinian* Societies," from the Greek word for *virtue, arete*, is much more euphonious and comprehensive than "*Eleemosynary Associations*."

Rather a far-fetched and awkward derivation; nor did Mr. Winthrop profess to enrich our language with the word; he simply quoted it as the actual name of an old musical society. Was it not more probably derived from Guido Aretinus, or Aretina, who perfected the musical scale, &c., and flourished about the year 1000? We should hope more good from Musical than from self-styled "*Virtuous*" Societies.

It is said that we are to have Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre next week—MARETZEK at the head of it, with GAZZANIGA, DE WILHORST, ADA PHILIPPS, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c. for singers. Will it be all "*Trovatore*," "*Traviata*," "*Rigoletto*" and "*Ernani*"? . . . Signor JACOPI, the tenor, the Italianized young Jacobs, seems, after confident announcement, to have made an utter failure at his operatic debut in New York. . . . "Ho! for Europe," seems to be the word among our Boston musicians. Of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. A. & W. FRIES, MEISEL and KREBS, sailed on Tuesday for a summer visit to the Fatherland, leaving only Mr. RYAN to represent the Club at home. On Saturday, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN and wife will follow; he has richly earned and may he enjoy his vacation, and come back doubly armed for a new Festival!

Next week we hope to get back to our regular habits and bring up our summaries of news, correspondence, &c, which have been kept back by the Festival.

CORRECTION.—Our types, last week, by printing "*names*" instead of *means*, gave us the false appearance of attributing whatever increased effect we looked for in the symphonies, &c. at the Festival, to a few New York violinists, whose names we had just mentioned.

From my Diary, No. 3.

MAY 9.—I have had conversations lately with sundry individuals upon a subject which long since should have passed from the domain of speculation to that of action. Let me start, in the manner of an editorial in the *London Times*, and work my way to my topic, like a vessel leaving Pittsburgh to reach Philadelphia—by going "all round the lot."

First, for some maxims—postulates—principles—axioms—or whatever you will call them.

"In union is strength." "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, is the only effectual pull." "Those who respect themselves make themselves respected." "The good of all is the good of each." That will do.

There are more Quacks, Horatio, in the community, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Your theology, your medicine, your law, your painting, architecture, sculpture, music, book and newspaper editing—all have their quacks. A great portion of our personal freedom in this country consists in the unrestrained liberty of quackery. If I cannot make my living by shoemaking, I can try the cure of souls and bodies, turn politician, paint portraits, and teach music. I can work six months with a carpenter, and finding manual labor too severe for my delicate constitution, I can hire a room and put up my sign—"A. Barn-builder, Architect."

I can work six months as chain-bearer to a land surveyor, and straightway I "go out West" as an engineer. I learn the difference between a ledge of granite and trap, a piece of iron ore and native copper, and then make geology and mining my profession.

A great country this, Horatio!

Now in Europe, all this is impossible. The community is in so far protected from quackery—unless England may form an exception—that every aspirant to anything that can be called a professional position, must have studied and passed examination in the principles of his profession. An architect studies architecture; a musician, music.

Here, this is quite unnecessary; hence so much quackery. Government protects us not even against ignorant poisoners, who call themselves physicians; how much less, then, against quackery in the arts!

The consequence is, that those who have some higher motive of action than mere dollars and cents, those who have really spent years of time, and money in proportion, in fitting themselves for their profession, be it what it may, must depend upon themselves for the attainment of due consideration in the community, and by their own efforts must make the public learn to distinguish between them and ignorant pretenders.

The lawyers combine and force those who would practice law, to go through the form at least, of fitting themselves for their profession. So it is for the most part with our clergymen, and our physicians. Our scientific men, too, have for many years been gradually combining their strength, in the form of various societies and associations, academies and lyceums, and it is beginning to be felt in the community, that members of our learned bodies are more likely to be men of due learning and talent, than pretenders to science, whose claims are not admitted by such bodies. The Lake Superior copper speculations have opened the eyes of thousands to the difference between such men as Whitney and Foster as geologists, and many under whose advice attempts at mining have been made, where the really scientific men could predict nothing but disastrous failure. Ridicule and abuse will hardly overturn the decision lately made by the American Academy's committee in relation to the Hedgecock quadrant.

Our clergymen have periodicals devoted to the interests of their profession, and support them. So do the lawyers. So do the physicians. What would you think, Horatio, of the physician in whose office you found no medical periodical? of the lawyer without the Law Reporter? of the clergyman without his religious newspaper? By acting upon the axioms laid down above, see what a respectable station our Homeopaths and Hydropaths have attained in the community, and yet how they were laughed at not very long since. See what has come of the small seed sown by twelve individuals, who about 1831 formed the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston?

Now you, Horatio, are an architect, and one of the class which, thank fortune, is increasing fast in numbers among us, the members of which have really studied the principles of the art, and who have exerted themselves to procure costly books, and have devoted as much time and substance as possible to travel, for the purpose of observation. And yet that parish building committee, that applied to you last fall for a plan of a church, decided to give the job to Smith, the carpenter, whose library, all told, consists of an old quarto copy of Shaw. The house is up—modelled from a shoe-box, with three openings in each side for pointed windows. When I saw it last, the men were nailing some boards between the windows to represent the buttresses, and a pile of magnified tooth picks lay near, which are to be put along the eaves and around the steeple. The religious newspaper which gives an account of the dedication, will say: "The sacred edifice is a very neat and commodious wooden structure, in the late Elizabethan Gothic"—you see if it does not. Old Betty-an Vandal, I should say.

Now, Horatio, you have no hope that the government will do anything to limit the present perfect liberty which every man has of putting up his sign, next yours, as an architect. Nor would I, if in the Legislature, favor any such idea. It is very well in Berlin or Paris, and accords with the principles at the basis of society there. Nor can you hope, for a long time to come, that architecture will form a branch of university instruction with us, and that old Harvard will place students of art in the matter of diplomas upon the same footing with young lawyers, preachers and chemists, as is the case at the University of Berlin, for instance. But you can follow the example of the architects of the Prussian capital, in doing something for yourselves.

I knew one of the profession in that city who, after some years service in New York upon the Croton

Water Works, had returned to Berlin, and who introduced me into the Architects' Association. There I found a suite of rooms, one large one and several smaller ones, devoted entirely to their use. There was a fine library containing splendid works, beyond the means of the members individually, all the leading periodicals, which touch upon the art, from all parts of Europe, a great variety of models of buildings, bridges, &c., and a superb collection of plans and perspective views. The large room was arranged for a lecture room, and I heard several lectures upon architecture in Italy, delivered by one of the professors in the university, who had been travelling there.

In Berlin, therefore, a young architect's ambition is not confined entirely to the attainment of a diploma, or even to securing one of the annual prizes offered by the government to students, for the best plans and drawings for a public building, bridge or monument, as the case may be—which prizes, by the way, consist of money to enable the successful candidates to travel—but he looks forward to gaining so much reputation as shall enable him to join the "Architecten-Verein."

Such an association you want in Boston. You want a place of meeting, where you can aid and assist each other in making artists of yourselves. You want a library, where you can study works beyond your pecuniary ability to purchase. You want a lecture room, where you can hear discourses upon your art, and upon the sciences which are connected with it—most especially upon acoustics. If such an association had been formed fifteen years ago, do you think we should have lived to see the largest organ in Boston shut up in a huge closet, and forced to speak, like the minister in Hawthorne's tale, through a black veil? There is science for you! But perhaps the organ would be too loud without. What a capital idea then, to pay for an organ too large for the hall, for the sake of boasting of "our great instrument!" Had such an association existed in New York twenty years ago, do you think so many churches would have been built there, in which it is impossible for more than half the audience to distinguish the words of the preacher on account of the echoes and reverberation?

It is high time, Horatio, that you were stirring in this matter. As long as we drew our building materials from the woods of Maine, it made little odds whether or not people chose to live in extravagant sugar boxes, with a row of plank columns in front supporting nothing, or attended worship in wooden buildings, which were such copies of English churches as sixpenny colored lithographs are of Raphael's Madonnas. But you must now know how to employ brick and stone. Do you? If so, very well. But how are you going to make the community believe that you know more about it than your neighbor, the stone-mason and brick-layer? There's the rub.

When an American Journal of Architecture is generously supported by the profession, and every one, who pretends to be a well-taught artist, shall count it a serious loss not to have the last number of the work lying upon his table, I shall begin to think there is hope for the future. In this country we have everything to build almost. What a magnificent, glorious opportunity, to employ our vast quarries of granite, marble and building stones of all kinds, in raising monuments which shall endure like those of Greece, to the fame of their builders! We have a climate peculiar; we have wants and necessities equally peculiar; our architects should study these things, resting themselves upon the fundamental principle that every specimen of architecture is an abortion unless fitted for its object, (I will not speak of the library at Cambridge now.) So much for you, Horatio.

You, John, teach music. You had for years the best instructors that Boston could furnish, and finally went abroad, spending time and money, you could ill afford, to make yourself what your conscience told you ought to be in your profession. And yet your neighbor, who is a self-taught pianist, (Heaven save the mark!) and cannot arrange a psalm tune correctly, gets twice as many pupils as you. Nay, he composes! His songs, his waltzes, his quicksteps, lie round on half the piano-fortes—in the country. He gets rich, and has a library. And his pupils look up to him with

wonder. You will find in his room sixteen collections of psalmody, presentation copies mostly—five glee books, ditto—Hood's History of Music in New England, bought in the street at half price—a treatise on harmony and composition—an old copy of Catel, pocket edition—a musical dictionary, spelling-book size—and a pile of sheet music—cabbage waltz, bog-trotter's Schottish, the affecting song, "Our Kitten is Dead," and so on—which he gets at wholesale, and retails to his pupils. On the corner of a shelf lies a pile of Dwight's Journals, and other periodicals. He paid a dollar for the first six months, and at the end of two years returned the bill sent to him for the rest of the time, with a letter in his peculiar style of English, in which, after expressing his utter contempt for the manner in which the paper is managed, he withdraws—his patronage!

Nobody is more convinced than he of the value of a good musical periodical. So he has always taken each new one that has been started in Boston—that is, if the editors would send him a copy on condition that he would do his best to make his pupils take it. You call that fellow a quack, John. So he is. No doubt of that. You have made yourself a musician. He has not. How is the public to learn the difference between you?

John, a word in your ear. Remember the axioms laid down above, and apply what I have said to Horatio to your own case. Let the worthy members of the profession come together, join together, work together, stand together upon a broad and lofty platform, and together go on unto success.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14.—THALBERG, or rather STRAKOSCH, has given four concerts in our city, the audiences averaging almost 2,000 at each of them, at \$1 admission, and 50 cents extra for secured seats. The programmes were of the same clap-trap kind that we are accustomed to have at concerts which Mr. Strakosch manages. However, it is fair to add, that our most clever musical business men give the latter gentleman credit for "most consummate skill" in getting up programmes, (for the million, they probably mean), and call him "the smartest of all musical agents." What a shame for Music in the United States, that men like Barnum and Strakosch can get hold of such celebrities as Jenny Lind and Thalberg! How astonishing that such artists as these allow those gentlemen the entire control of their concerts! It is sad to see how much the almighty dollar can accomplish, even in the realm of Art.

Thalberg of course played most of his Fantasias, and was most successful in them. He had a fine Grand Piano of Chickering, and brought out its powers most marvellously; but the piano of Erard, on which we heard him play in New York, seems to suit him still better. His playing has been analyzed and praised so much and so justly in your Journal, that we certainly will not attempt another criticism, but merely throw out a few impressions as they have come to us. Does Thalberg not play Italian melodies more finely than German ones? Does not the rendering of the "Lucrezia" Fantasia show his powers to more advantage than that on "Don Giovanni"? Does he not play with a great deal of expression, but rather little feeling? His organization seems a rare one for a musical artist, he seems so quiet, almost phlegmatic, and somewhat devoid of enthusiasm, which generally constitutes so particular a characteristic of musicians, and is apt to lead them into eccentricities. Thalberg's performances are wonderful, because of the completeness of the whole; but in the playing of other pianists, as Jaell and Dresel, we perceive much more beauty in single parts, withal a more electric spirit. After a performance, which deeply touches us, we crave a short rest. Thalberg's playing is so beautiful and chaste, without exhausting, that we wish for more and more of it, and can hardly conceive of the idea of getting wearied of listening, although we may find fault with the compositions. Besides his own compositions, he played only the "Funeral March" of Chopin, in a quick-step time, and with an unpleasant dragging of the notes of the right hand after those of the left, in the middle part—very unlike Chopin's "rubato," we believe; and Mendelssohn's "Spring" song, with an agreeable but rather common place expression. He decidedly excels most in his Fantasias, and whatever objections we may have to them, they seem extremely fit for a concert performance on the piano.

Next week Mme. DE LA GRANGE will give a concert. X.

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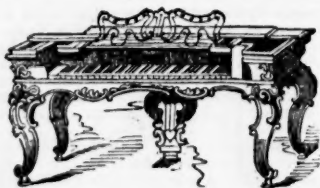
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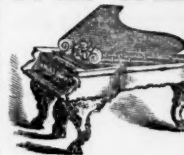
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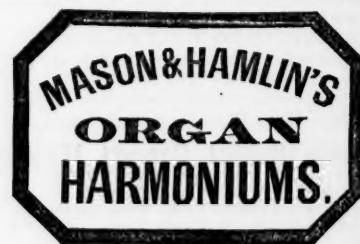
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